

## **Short concept of the character**

Yollo, Sundari.

Yollo is a seer. He hides his eyes as if he was afraid of others, but it's himself he's afraid of, his own past, plunged in violence. Yollo foresees that it will soon start all over again, and he once again will be in the heart of events. He is obsessed with a single question: is the future he sees preordained or can it be changed?

## **Story**

Clear pictures of past thoughts - the hardest labour and concerns that finding of the purest element in the deep of the layer will bring gladness. Yollo saw that his settlement slowly comes to a cruel war of long duration, the war against four Sundari clans entered into an alliance with Humans. And he went to the war with others for many-many years.

The very first battle, the battle against people coming to him with weapons in their arms, against another Sundari sincerely desiring his death - it destroyed any hopes of unusually sensible Yollo, any hopes that his nightmares will not come true. His sleep with ruptured cartridges, with mana burning bodies through, with someone's eyes congealed forever in the very front of Yollo's face - all of this happened, it was foolishly to disclaim.

His hands coarsened after experienced the thrill of a weapon killing an enemy. His breath became steady, his sight congealed in cold calmness: Yollo knew he wouldn't perish. He saw some more sleeps, in one of them there was a flower in the middle of stones, and then Yollo really had found the flower in the ruins of some human cabin when the war like had been finished but it wasn't clear who'd won and Yollo still doesn't know it. A Sundari seer took the flowers stem and made a fist and he wanted to pull and to pull out it from the ground - as he saw in the sleep. But he unmade his fist, the flower stayed on its place, the seer began to shiver with the whole body, he made few steps back. He turned around and went away, he didn't reply to his squadron commander's calls, Yollo was called many times, but he wasn't pursued and he decided to get so far as he ever could.

Sky-high, wearing marsh-colored loose overall to his toe, Yollo appeared near the mine's entrance. Sitting on the ground, clasping knees by hands and shivering Yollo was met by mine workers who came home cheery because the meal near the fireplace was waiting for them.

## **Temper**

Emotionally closed, introversive, mostly surgeless. Left alone for too many time, he begins to find someone to be close with, but very soon takes fright of necessity to talk and again tries to go away. Likes to observe some stable, cheerful activities such as child's plays or physical labour and labours himself too but not always and only in such places where he can cope with it absolutely alone - Sundari don't have lots of such a work to do. Yollo nearly can't hold any working tool like stone hammer in his hands because he immediately feels this item's weapon-usage potential.

## **Appearance**

Big, sparkling eyes, with a ruby shin, they are tearing up very often, despite the fact Yollo isn't a crybaby. Long eyelashes, small mouth, the upper lip just covers the lower one, he puts right hand on the backside of his left hand and pinches it. He tilts his head slightly to the right and moves in a cowardly manner, sometimes he takes his fingers from the other palm and pulls a bundle of bright hair on the crown.

## **Style of communication**

Often inarticulate. His speech comes into the floor, into the palm, into the bitten lip. Sentences which are able to be listened are hardly able to be understood. If Yollo speaks distinctly and clear it means that he somehow managed to distract from introspection and is in very good mood. And in such cases his eyes shine as all of the world's suns.